

THE
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MAGAZINE

VOLUME LV

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FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS

Princeton University

1900

THE
 MASSACHUSETTS
 Literary
 MAGAZINE



ἵνα βούλῃ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμύλλαι
 καὶ πόνοι καὶ Μοῖσάν καὶ Ἀφλαίαν

Conducted

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The Nassau lit.

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MAGAZINE

VOLUME LV — NUMBER 3

OCTOBER

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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 25th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of Princeton University. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in Belles-Lettres.

For this purpose contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all students. They are due on the 15th of each month and must be accompanied by the full name of the author. If rejected, they will be returned, with a careful criticism.

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CHARLES YEOMANS, *Business Manager*,
Princeton, New Jersey.

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THE

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AMERICAN LITERATURE AND THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION.

The development of a people's soul does not reach its culmination until they have attained self-consciousness as a community. Among Old World nations that growth began in mazes of primeval confusion, and the memory of heroic ancestors, twilight traditions of the soil, lent to each a unity of psychic life. But history denied to America an intellectual infancy, and thereby deprived her of a great aid to coalescence. To "this strange, new land that yet was never young" flocked myriads from a world already civilised. They came out of every quarter, and they spoke every speech. And not yet have we welded that medley of races and confusion of tongues into a nation, passionate in the strength of common impulse, bold in the comprehension of its power, secure in the accomplishment of its loftiest ideals. America's motto is still her mission. *E pluribus unum* is not yet reality.

Our existence demands that the goal of unity be gained. Again and again in the course of our history the absence of self-knowledge in a realm so vast has led to

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sectional antagonism, once almost to suicide in civil war. To this bear witness the blood-stained fields of the Rebellion, the dark days of Reconstruction, and the still reëchoing wrangle between the East and West. Their cause was in misunderstanding of self and neighbour. Brother knew not brother. He had not felt their oneness in a divine project. To him the basal character of the country had not been revealed. When land that stretched to the distant sea was spread before our advancing steps, Providence granted us an opportunity and exposed us to danger. The opportunity cannot be improved, the danger cannot be averted, unless the disclosure come of what is in our sacred heart of hearts.

We have not been without attempts to bring this forth to the light. America has sought to give expression to her inmost nature, and in her search she turned to action, fashioned herself an industrial world of wonderful complexity, and heaped before her all the splendors of material wealth. But if this was an utterance, it was the partial utterance of the lower organism. It might dimly suggest the truth. It could impart none of the infectious force of rational life. To-day, instinct is still our make-shift. Not yet has been procured the maturity of a national mind or the enunciation of a national art. We have stood before the cave, vainly crying, "Open, Wealth! Open, Happiness!" And not until we call, "Open, Literature!" will the door spring wide to the treasures—a true national glory and a future fraught with noble possibilities.

For its literature is the chief exponent of a nation's life. It issues from the people's soul, embodying their fears and hopes, their loves and hates, their laughter and their tears. Its thoughts are forged within the people's brain. Its words are moulded on the people's lips. Yet between *our* literature and *our* life a world's length inter-

venes. How our writers have shunned the forces which made us, the passions which stir us, the Idea which we incarnate! Not for them Faith's resistless push and daring! Rather a modicum of grace and charm than rugged strength or massive weight! Yet the nation must feel its own blood pulsating in the prose and poetry that are to be. As Lowell and Whittier spoke for a part, so must the whole land hear the larger voices of its larger life.

Literature must also be the bright sword to slay the dragon of materialism which menaces our culture. Sydney Smith's scoff of eighty years ago was no reproach to our character, for we had broken up a wilderness of centuries, subdued the savage, set whirling the wheels of civilization, and in the name of our God unfurled a banner of freedom for all humanity to see. What cared we whether Englishmen read American books, if they respect American states? But now Nature is our coadjutor. Now political stability is ours. And now the hewer of wood, the drawer of water and even the wielder of the sword must waive precedence to the begetter of ideas and the builder of ideals. If they still usurp the forefront, the intensity of spiritual purpose will be lost in commercial endeavour. Nor will our native idealism long be kept abated, for without a literary emphasis it, too, must wither beneath the scorching wind of selfishness. At our command the underworlds may offer up their hoarded pelf, unnumbered furnaces belch forth their flames, and the fertility of tropic isles redouble for our nourishment. But where will be our monument more lasting than the bronze?

In other lands, when its strokes have been strongest, literature has brought an inspiration to new energy. Not satisfied with being a mere expositor of Past and Present, it has pointed out to men the ever-widening vista of their obligations. In the secluded study it has raised the war-cry which ten thousand throats repeated in the presence of

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the foe. It has taught the warrior the nobler victories of Peace. It has hailed the Dark Ages from their silent, close-bound tomb. It has directed the toilers as they reared the four-square walls of Liberty,—freedom of thought, speech, pen, and person. By his deathless death-song, Körner roused from its servile lethargy the Fatherland he loved. The Slav's regeneration rests with Russia's heroic authors. And England's policy of world-wide empire was not conceived in Disraeli's crafty brain, but drew its origin and impulse from three gentlemen of Letters, Carlyle and Tennyson and Kipling. True to their high calling, holding aloof from petty issues, taking their politics from neither mob nor monarch, they shed their influence through the very atmosphere, and make the race feel the duty of its power.

The priests and prophets of Democracy have not yet learned to speak in tones as manly as the thought they represent. Yet to them America is looking for her hope and vindication. Will they still let her look in vain? Will they still await salvation from a *deus ex machina*? Will they still wrap themselves in Emerson's excuse, "A literature is no private concern, but a secular result?" Let them remember that the same Emerson was ever pointing to that mystic, matchless word, *Personality*. Let each of them be wholly freed from feudal fetters, each feel the spirit of The Modern, each pore over that book of life which has been written here. Then shall arise a school of literature which shall diffuse itself throughout our conscious life, and exercise over the conduct of government an authority far surer than the suffrage. But if the voiceless purpose of the people longer lie unvoiced, we become, inevitably, the greatest failure the world has ever known. Such is not our fate! Ours is to be the strong dominion of one common mind. The dawn of the national literature is here! Already the watchers on the hills can see the first

faint streaks of that desired sun, which, riding meridian-high, shall spread its beams over North and South and East and West, and bid the wide-sown seed yield to its touch the mighty harvest of the nation's hope.

—*D. Laurance Chambers.*

THE DEATH OF THE FORTY-FOUR.

A sea of strife surged in the street
Of quiet Port Marac;
Full forty men pressed toward the port
And forty forced them back.

Two sloops that flew the pirate black
Had claimed the hidden bay;
Two crews that ne'er had turned a back
Met in the the Port that day.

And as they met, and as they fought,
A child, half choked with smoke,
Rushed in the midst of them that strove
And clutched a leader's cloak.

A moment more he plied his sword
Nor felt the childish grasp,
But then he looked and bowing low
He loosed the finger's clasp.

He raised her gently on his arm,
He held her to his chest;
She hid her face against his beard,
Her fingers clutched his breast.

"Give way! Give way!" he loudly cried,
And fought with might and main;
He sent the living to their death,
And trampled on the slain.

Then flashed a sword, white in the sun,
But ere it rose again,
A babe's red blood had died the blade,
A child was of the slain.

A stillness as of God's own hand
Fell on those men of black;
The crew that knew the arm that struck
In horror staggered back.

All trembling at that ghastly sight,
A babe thus hewn from life,
They turned them from the bloody way,
They fled them from the strife.

Then cried the leader on whose breast
The child had clung to die,
"Ye men of Blood, ye sons of War,
Would see the dastards fly!"

"Nay, haste, and ere the sun goes down
That heart that beats no more,
Will be avenged by carrion trunks
Of all the Forty-Four."

The men they found upon their decks
Down in the quiet bay,
Were not the men that morn had seen
Flaunt death and Hell's own way.

"Forget! Forget!" their voices cried,
"Forget the deed that's done."
"No, not till Death and not till Blood
And deep Revenge be won."

They fought their fight but knew their doom,
And ere the sun went down,
The yard arm dangled forty men
And four lay in the town.

So died those sons of Blood and Hell,
So died the Forty-Four,
And when the cliffs are black with night,
Wild echoes rove the shore.

"Forget! Forget!" the lost souls cry,
"Forget the deed that's done."
Nay, four and forty souls in Hell,
Can ne'er the deed atone.

—George Agnew Chamberlain.

SPIVENS.

Spivens and Jimmie Lawrence had belonged to different sets all through Freshman year, and had probably slouched past each other on the campus a thousand times or so with nothing more than a nod or a brief hello. However, the examinations shook up the divisions considerably at the end of second term, and in September Lawrence and Long found themselves sitting next to each other in the Mathematical recitations.

Spivens was altogether gorgeous with the big "P" on his sweater, won in the last Yale game, and Jimmie only less so in the conventional jersey of orange and black stripes.

They eyed each other naïvely and a little suspiciously during those early recitations, and though their salutations grew more cordial as they met on the campus in the daily walks between Dickinson Hall, the dormitories or their eating clubs, it was well along in Sophomore year before anything like an intimacy sprang up between them.

Spivens had had quite a splendid career in college; the faculty of pitching a ball very straight and hard had created a distinct impression not only among the Freshmen who haunted the Athletic Field in the warm days of that first Indian summer when they had come to college, but even among the upper classmen who were looking about for promising candidates for the Freshman team and for the 'Varsity squad in the next February.

He pitched in the Sophomore-Freshman game to a score of—well it is the largest that ever went down in the *Bric-a-Brac*—and covered the team and the class with all sorts of glory. He had innumerable invitations to eating clubs and flattering visits from prominent men in the Sophomore class pretty well up to the 22nd of February. And it all made him very proud and happy, and increased

his opinion of his own consequence considerably. But he was a good fellow, and he bore his honors with that easy grace that makes one think that they were deservedly won.

The eating club finally selected was one whose members had rather sporty proclivities and indulged them freely. Spivens, whose tendencies in that line had heretofore been sternly repressed, rejoiced in his new liberty and strove to enjoy himself in the same free and easy way that was the fashion among his companions, and I suppose he had a pretty good time.

Jimmie Lawrence, on the other hand, had gone through a very different experience at college; he was an ingenuous youth, filled already with many ideals of life and the part that men may play; he had seen a little of the world but not enough to destroy his illusions, and he had a fine, manly character, that those who really knew, learned to love. He was rather indifferent, or at least appeared so, and did not make many intimate friends. I often thought that college was a disappointment to him, or at least very different from what he had thought it.

He failed to enter into so much that most of the fellows seemed to enjoy, and a good deal else he avoided religiously as he would have avoided Freshman Algebra had he dared.

I remember one Sunday evening Spivens took me by the arm as we were coming out of the club and hauled me off to the Geological Room to the class prayer meeting. "Spivens, old man, what has come over you! The class prayer meeting?"

"Never been," he ejaculated, "it's a confounded shame, you know. A man ought to support the college institutions." I laughed a little but went in with him.

A lot of fellows were standing around, some arranging the hymnals in the seats, others chatting in groups, going forward now and then to welcome a new comer or

to greet a friend. Job Walsh was playing some well-known hymn on the organ. I looked with interest at the scene, for I was not as familiar with the Geological Room as I might have been.

Spivens was nodding right and left, clapping some men on the back, cracking jokes with old Job clear across the room and shaking hands with a notorious poler in a beautiful, condescending way.

"By Jove, you know, I've never been here before; used to get too much prayer meeting at home, where a lot of old codgers who skinned all the week had entirely too much to say to the Lord, so I cut. I say, Bill, let's sit down there in front."

We made our way as he suggested, and he pushed me into a seat. "Hard luck, old man, no smoking allowed. Now we're off."

In fact a hush had fallen over the room, broken only by the rustle of the leaves and the notes of the organ as Job droned out the prelude.

A slight form rose from the seats and a pale face crowned with black hair, from which shone the light of two deep, dark eyes confronted us. "Why it's Jimmie Lawrence," whispered Spivens. "Didn't know the little poler was up to this."

"Let us begin the meeting by singing the 109th hymn," said Lawrence. Spivens looked as if he were debating whether a salutation would be necessary and then went on to find the place.

Spivens looked about and smiled bravely at his neighbors. Jimmie's eyes were fastened on the hymn book, and the corners of his mouth twitched as he sang the words:

"I need thee every hour."

And then the song ended, Job settled back in his chair with the air of an old campaigner, a lot of fellows coughed,

Spivens leaned forward with a look of interest, and Jimmie cleared his throat and began to speak.

What he said was very trite ; at least, it would sound so if I could remember it and write it here, but it was simple and direct, and one could see he meant it all. He stammered a little at first, and grew very pale, but emboldened as he went on, he looked at Spivens, and his eyes grew moist, and a strange, sweet light came into them. A queer feeling came over me and I had that idiotic sensation that we all have at times whether we will or no, that I was going to cry, and then my own sensations vanished entirely, for I caught sight of Spivens' face.

He and Jimmie had their eyes fastened on each other, and that mysterious chord of sympathy had been struck between them. Then the strange little situation passed, Jimmie sat down, and somebody else was up and speaking—dismally I thought, and I heard the words,

"The surest way to popularity in college is to be an avowed Christian."

"Who is he?" I asked Spivens.

"Don't know," he grumbled, "never saw him before."

Then somebody prayed and a fellow named Lorrying got up and prated against creeds and doctrines and said that the Almighty regarded only the following of Christ.

"What does it matter what we think of the Trinity?" he cried,—and the rest I lost, the weakness and foolishness of it oppressed me.

"Let's get out of this," I whispered to Spivens.

"Sit down," he growled, pulling me back, "let them get through."

Presently Jimmie gave out another hymn, which sounded well enough as sung by those deep voices, and in a few moments it was over and we were out in the cool starlight on the campus, and were walking down towards my room, with Spivens' arm on my shoulder.

"With the good in that, there's so much confounded cant," I began.

"What the devil do you know about it? Because a few fools can't hold their tongues, do you condemn the whole thing? There's plenty of good in it. We might go oftener and be no worse."

And I held my peace. It was not my way to religion, but it was one way; and after all, if Long had kept quiet,—and then I remembered Jimmie.

* * * * *

A day or so later the three of us, Spivens, Jimmie and I, drifted out of Conic Sections together and walked up towards our clubs. We reached the Valkyrie Club, to which Jimmie belonged, when I was surprised to hear Spivens say:

"So long, Bill, I am going in here," and together they turned in and left me. Worldly wise I smiled to myself and went on alone.

That was the beginning of their intimacy, for after that they were constantly together; and it soon became the most natural thing in the world to see an arm of the sweater with the big "P," around that slender figure as they came out from recitations or went up towards the clubs. Sometimes Jimmie would come in to eat with us under Spivens' protection.

The fellows of the Celestial Club looked upon him with much suspicion at first, and wore an air of constraint while he was about. But it did not affect Jimmie at all; he was modest, but unabashed; he regarded them all good-naturedly, and smiled at their jokes and their wit, and finally won their approval. And though there was a great deal done and said at the Celestial Club in which he never joined, he grew to be a very welcome guest, and in a quiet way enjoyed a mild little popularity.

They horsed him, and laughed at his devotion to

Spivens, but with it all petted him in the rough and ready way that fellows sometimes will pet one who seems younger and a little gentler than themselves.

Spivens enjoyed seeing Jimmie in that crowd, and carried him off with them on many an excursion, and initiated him into many an experience that he would otherwise have known very little about.

Jimmie would play the piano for us by the hour, as we would all sit by the big wood fire on cold winter evenings, playing the accompaniments for the good old songs that everybody knows—the *Carmina Princetonia*, that make us thrill, we know not why; gay little gutter songs that the fellows whistled on the campus; or dance music from some popular opera that pretty feet were dancing to all over the country.

Spivens would sing loudly in his deep, bass voice, give us imitations of Mme. Adelina Patti, whom he once had heard, in a delicious falsetto, or when Jimmie's hands would fly fast over the keys in the light *allegro* of waltz music, he would seize Sunshine and whirl him around the room, amidst the sarcastic applause of the assembled company.

Then we would drift down, more than likely, to Jimmie's comfortable rooms in Brown, to pole, on certain rare occasions; to play cards; to listen to more music from Jimmie at the piano; to eat the welsh rarebits he would prepare; to drink deep steins of light, frothy beer, which Spivens' forethought would often arrange for; and to fool away the long winter evenings in youth's delightful, inconsequential way.

Spivens would fill the stein, laugh, toast Jimmie, who did not drink, and call out:—

"Here's to your health, Jim, my boy; may your shadow never grow less. We must have our fling, mustn't we?" he would add, in a half-apologetic vein.

Jim would smile, "'*Après le plaisir vient le peine*,' you know," he would say, quoting M. Du Maurier, whom everybody quoted then. "I suppose even the old worthies of the church had their day," and we're striving humbly to follow in the footsteps of the saints, aren't we?"

And then again we would spend long evenings reading, perhaps aloud, while Spivens played soft music on the banjo; oftentimes Jimmie would read a pathetic little love story of Max Müller's, a charming book that few people know anything about, in which there figured a beautiful girl with lovely golden hair and deep, dark brown eyes, who appeared like a vision in the life of the lad and then drifted away; or "Trilby," perhaps, which he loved; or some of Mr. Thackeray's delightful books, with which we were always pleased, though Spivens, for the most part, would listen to these with the air of a martyr, but a martyr who was glad to die for his faith.

Those were gay and happy days! Pictures of them come back in dreams to me now that it all is over so long, so long ago. That bright and cheery room, with its open fire, its easy chairs, the clouds of tobacco smoke floating around. Spivens on the window seat, a cigarette between his handsome teeth, his grey eyes half closed dreamily, playing old melodies like "Dixie" and "Kentucky Babe" on the banjo; Jimmie, with a bull dog pipe, deep in an easy chair and an unopened *Horace* on his knees; Sunshine or Jack Turner perhaps sprawled on the floor before the fire, and I in the chimney corner reading. Sometimes Mac would drop in awhile to discuss Swinburne with Jimmie, and quote beautiful, flowing, melodious verses of Shelley, Austin Dobson and Lord Byron, all to the pleasant tinkle of the banjo.

"By Jove, there's nothing like poetry, is there, Jim?" "Go on, Mac," says Spivens, modestly, from the pile of pillows on the window-seat, "give me a *Nick Carter* and leave me in peace!"

Love, Comradeship, Enthusiasm, what magic words, and with how many scenes they are connected—the dreams of youth, hours full of lighthearted content, gay laughter, soft harmonies, fair greens and pleasant scenes. Those were the hours when all our illusions were real, when there was nothing more in life than the present moment, and that was full. Inconsequent, yes,—but leave youth to the enthusiasm it may possess; let it cherish the fleeting ideal, and dream—though it be but an hour or so on a night like that, in a comfortable room in a college Hall—that Vanity Fair is far away and that we're never more to enter there.

Then came the Spring term, the long pleasant evenings on the front campus listening to the senior singing, the moonlight flooding it all, the tower of Old North standing out bold and clear, the elm trees casting uncertain, mysterious shadows, and the lights of pipes and cigars glowing in the darkness where our little group was stretched upon the grass. Spivens and Jimmie sitting back to back, Spivens keeping up a gay fire of remarks on the fellows he happened to see, the Faculty gentlemen parading slowly up and down the walks, the girls sitting on the benches in the gloom, Jimmie not paying much attention, and with that fine, soft dreamy light in his dark eyes.

Then the baseball practice, the daily journeys to and from the Athletic field, watching Spivens' progress and development in handling the ball, or when he was at the bat sending it far out over the field. On the day of the Yale game the 'Varsity pitcher had an ugly fall and sprained his arm, and Spivens was called in his place and pitched the game, and so straight and hard and sure that one after another the Yale men threw down their bats with disgust, and ugly little 1, 2, 3's went down opposite their names on the official score card. The bands played,

and the old grad's cheered their queer old cheers, and the fellows shouted themselves hoarse, and flags waved and handkerchiefs fluttered, and fair ladies smiled down from the grandstand, and Spivens was the hero of the hour.

Then at night what a fire they built! Old North rang out for hours, merrily, gladly; the flames about the cannon beat the skies, and the quadrangle flanked by Nassau and the Halls and the Library and West College, shone resplendant. The whole army of undergraduates rushed about on it dancing, shouting, singing, marching. The strains of "Old Nassau" echoed and re-echoed, and above it all, now hummed and now caught up in full chorus by those thousands of happy voices, surged the glad refrain,

"Palms of victory, palms of glory."

And they hoisted Spivens up on the steps of Clio Hall, and listened with the utmost good nature to his absurd little speech, until he stammered, stuttered and, overwhelmed with confusion, jumped down, grabbed Jimmie and me by the arms, and carried us off to a restaurant to a gay little supper, for which mine good host would take no pay.

That summer Jimmie took Spivens home to their country place near one of the big towns of upper New York State; he told me all about the visit when we met in Princeton again in September.

"The Lawrences are great swells, you know," he said, "and Jimmie's a little cock-o'-the-walk, the apple of everybody's eye; nothing's too good for Jim up there. His mother kissed me, and said she'd heard lots about me from Jimmie. Really, I was quite embarrassed. There was no end to good times, sails down the Hudson, tennis, all sorts of dance rackets with pretty girls, and plenty to eat and drink; one especially, quite a queen—a girl, you know, like the one in Max Müller's story, with the brown

eyes and golden hair. Bill, I bow to the soft impeachment. It was rough on Jim, I must admit, but the ladies smiled, and Jim was awfully white about it. And Bill, they are coming down to the Prom. and you shall have a dance with her."

And to the Prom. she came, chaperoned by Mrs. Lawrence,—a very beautiful girl, with the lovely eyes and hair that the fellows raved about.

With other fortunate youths I danced with Miss Worthington, and no longer wondered that Jimmie dreamed of her and that Spivens owned to the soft impeachment.

Spivens, I am afraid, had more than his share of dances and favors and smiles, and I would see Jimmie looking after them, now and then, with a wistful expression in his eyes. Once he caught me so eyeing him, laughed a little, and said to me:

"I don't really mind, Bill, and I had rather she cared for Spivens than any one else."

After the Prom. Spivens was very sedate for a week or so; turned over all sorts of new leaves, and I often caught him deep in the intricacies of penmanship, spoiling many beautiful sheets of cream paper with his upper-class club monogram on it, with what, no doubt, were his burning thoughts.

And so our college life drifted on, the terms came and went, and the last long vacation, and we were well along in senior year. The class had dwindled; many familiar faces were no longer seen; our lives had changed somewhat, and we were thinking more seriously of what would be afterwards, when the old associations had been severed, and we had gone out from our Alma Mater to make a place for ourselves, and to the wonderful careers that were waiting for us all.

Jimmie had fine plans for going to Europe the next

Fall and studying medicine. Spivens was unsettled, restless, a little dissatisfied with the prospect, and not much inclined to fall in with Jimmie's plans, that he should go to Europe and take up the same profession.

"You see, Bill," he said, "Jimmie has fine ideas of helping suffering humanity, and all that, healing the sick, and doctoring the soul, and I don't care much about it. Father will let me do as I please, but I can't get enthusiastic about humanity somehow, or care much whether it suffers or enjoys itself. Moreover, I won't make a scholar, Bill—college has convinced me of that. To tell the truth, I don't know what I will do."

I laughed at him, told him to brace up, and that something would turn up, something he ought to do; it did for most of us.

"Now, if I had Jimmie's work and plans, and his fine ideals," he went on, but I would hear no more.

"It will come about all right, Spivens, and a man's bound to find his place sooner or later."

"Sooner or later," he grumbled, "of course, but sometimes too late." Strangely enough he was to find a work all too soon, and a place in the world for himself.

The time slipped by, and before we had realized that September was gone, June was here, and the Senior vacation, and no doubt our diplomas were already being made out in the Registrar's office waiting for the President's signature.

Instead of going off somewhere, the three of us decided to stay in college for a last loaf and glimpse of the scenes we loved so well. A pleasant fortnight, indeed, 'midst the gorgeous June weather, under the whispering elms, in the old familiar places. Spivens sported the old sweater with the "P" for the last time, smoked his pipe all the long summer days, wore a sad and sober look, and nursed the regret at the parting so soon to come. He and

Jimmie were continually together, talking over the past four years, the future before them and the lives they had to live. Jimmie was still urging strenuously that Spivens should go abroad with him, give up his ideas of going into business, and buckle on the armor of a fine ambition, but still he hesitated.

In the evenings, after dinner at the club, we were accustomed to go down to Jimmie's room and smoke and talk. Some one had introduced a fad for fencing in college that term, and though Kit Nelson and I were the enthusiasts and adepts at the art, occasionally Spivens and Jimmie would take the masks and foils and wile away an hour or so at the pleasant exercise.

It was so one quiet evening towards the end of vacation. I was lying on the window-seat looking out on the fair valley below, musing of the coming change, and had almost dropped asleep. I heard, as in a dream, Spivens throw down his pipe, yawn, stretch himself, and, slapping Jimmie on the back, cry out:

"Thou almost persuadeth me, my boy, to be a medicine man."

"Festus said something like that, Spivens, and you know the result."

"Verily, and you are a little Paul; but come, take that mask and foil and we'll have a bout."

I heard the clatter of the steel as Jimmie got the foils down, the swish of their coats as they threw them off on a chair, and Jimmie's soft laugh as he said, "Ready."

"Defend yourself then," cried Spivens. I rubbed my eyes, straightened up, and called sharply:

"Be careful there, Spivens, that foil's broken; Kit lost the knob last night."

It was too late. The steel clashed, Spivens lunged, I heard a sharp cry, and a ghastly red had stained the left side of Jimmie's fresh white shirt,

Oh, God! the boy had fallen. Spivens, his face convulsed with horror, was on his knees by his side.

"Jimmie, Jimmie, for God's sake speak to me."

Jimmie's eyes were open, there was no terror or alarm in them; a strange light shone forth.

I stood transfixed, for their eyes had met in that old deep look. The class prayer meeting years ago flashed through my mind.

The boy strove to raise himself, and leaned with a great effort on his left arm.

"Spive," he whispered, almost inarticulately, "you are persuaded now?"

With his right hand he feebly sought the other's, grasped it. A smile of content stole over his face, transforming it. He sighed deeply, closed his eyes and fell back.

"Jimmie, Jimmie," I heard the other cry despairingly; and then I dashed from the room for aid, and left the living and the dead alone.

* * * * *

As I look back now on that tragic scene, the horror of it has passed away, and I feel perhaps that it was better so, for Spivens is doing a work in the world, and it is Jimmie's work, with Jimmie's fine ideals; and I remember only the early, happy days of their friendship when there was so much that was sweet and fair and full of joy.

—*Latta Griswold.*

ST. COLUMBA AND IONA.

The Irish question has for more than a century occupied a situation in English politics far out of proportion to its size. Indeed it has been said that the English statesmen of the preceding century and of this will be judged by their management of this very problem. It is a problem which the greatest minds have endeavored to solve; but up to this time they have not met with perfect success. The Irish towns are yearly decreasing in population, and year by year the fields are being deserted, and thus it is that the Irishman has become the butt of American humor and the object of English scorn.

Yet it has not been always thus with Ireland. Through centuries she can and does look back wistfully to a golden age in her history which ended all too soon. To be sure the customs of the earliest inhabitants of Ireland were rude and uncivilized enough. Men and women alike found their chief pleasure in war and bloodshed. It was not till the sixth century that a law forbidding women to fight was enacted. Yet when the seeds of Christianity were sown by the British missionaries in this apparently unfriendly soil, a great harvest was reaped. The Irish took up the cause of Christ with all the warmth of their Celtic blood; and a wave of missionary zeal swept over the country from end to end. The Irish missionaries flung themselves into active and aggressive warfare against the enemies of Christ, and Friscians, Picts, Germans, Swiss, Italians—all felt the force of their enthusiasm. Green says of the renaissance of Christianity in Britain, "The new religious houses looked for their ecclesiastical traditions not to Rome but to Ireland, and quoted for their guidance the instructions not of Gregory but of Columba." With genuine cordiality the Irish monasteries received pupils from Gaul, Germany, and Italy, and there these

foreigners received their first inspirations. Tiny villages of which the average person has not so much as heard were renowned throughout Europe for their learning. It was in one of these centers of learning, Slane in Meath, that Dagobert II. of France was educated. Goldwin Smith says, "During the seventh and eighth centuries and part of the ninth, Ireland played really a great part in European history." And also Green's testimony: "For a time it seemed as tho' that old Celtic race which the Romans had swept before them had turned to the moral conquest of their conquerors; as if Celtic and not Latin Christianity was to mould the destinies of the church of the west." It is to this age that Ireland looks back with pride. Then missionaries carried the word of God to the shores of Britain; but now the Irish race have become to the British "a hissing and a byword."

In the year 407 A. D., the usurper Constantine withdrew his troops from Britain, thus ending forever the Roman dominion which had lasted for three centuries. For about thirty years the Britons, thus deserted, tried to hold their own against the boisterous Picts on the North, calling in Saxon mercenaries from the main land—dangerous expedient! The Picts were soon driven back, and defeated, and the Britons too were soon overcome by our sturdy Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The Romans had left Britain civilized—at least outwardly—and Christian. In a short space what a change! Few of the Britons were left. The splendid roads which the Romans had constructed were neglected; the Latin tongue had passed completely out of use; and so utterly had Christianity vanished that the very names of the days of the week which are continually on men's lips were known by the gods which had supplanted Christ—so closely had these heathen deities become associated with daily life. Roman influence usually made a deep impression on the countries which it

visited, but Britain is the only Roman province where this influence passed so completely away.

While Britain was thus slowly changing from a Christian to a heathen nation, Ireland on the other side of the Irish Channel was continuing as a small, isolated piece of Christianity.

But it was impossible that Britain, sandwiched in as it was between two Christian nations, should remain heathen, and to Ireland belongs the credit of evangelizing through St. Columba the northern part of England, as Rome by means of St. Augustine had done the southern.

The man who, driven from home for political reasons some say, crossed the Irish Channel, and made a little, barren, gneiss rock the metropolis and center of Western Christianity—St. Columba by name, stands forth, after the lapse of centuries, clear and distinct.

"*Sancti Columbae parentes, Aedelmith ejus pater, filius Fergus, Eithne mater ipsius filia filii navis*"—thus we read in an old chronicle the account of St. Columba's parentage. Born A. D. 521 at Gartan in a singularly wild part of North Ireland, his boyhood was spent in a very lonely and broken country. Perhaps these early environments gave rise to Colomba's belief in later life that the roar of the sea and the mists sweeping over desolate moorlands were incitements to devotion.

After going to school in the South, St. Columba came back North to take up what he thought was to be his life work. For some time he busied himself as a "*pater monasteriorum et funditor*"—a founder and father of monasteries.

In 563 when Colomba was forty-two, he entered into his real life work. It is not quite certain what made him "willing for the sake of Christ to be a wanderer," but with twelve companions in a wicker boat, Columba set sail for that country toward the shores of which he had probably so often looked from the Irish coast.

Let us see what qualifications he had for the work which he had undertaken. Adamnan's life is the best account we have of St. Columba, and by means of its pages we are able to trace the main outlines of the Saint's character. Fearless he was of danger; earnest, energetic, and untiring; tho' hasty in temper, always a characteristic of the Celtic race, yet he succeeded in gaining the complete admiration and love of his fellows.

St. Columba found Scotland inhabited by two hostile nations, the painted people (the Picts), and the wanderers or the Scots. The former were pagan, the latter nominally Christian. They were, however, equally fierce and wild. The Christians had unfortunately for some time been rather worsted in war.

Columba took as the base of his operations Hy (modern Iona), a little island on the border of the Scottish and Pictish kingdoms. Here for the next thirty-five years he lived the life of a "*miles Christi insulanus*"—"an island soldier of Christ."

The Scottish king, Connal, received the missionary pleasantly, but Brude, king of the Picts, refused to see him and bolted himself up in his castle. At the touch of the Saint's hand bolts and bars were loosed, and he entered the fortress to receive the alarmed king's submission. Soon Colomba had become the founder of as many convents in Scotland as in Ireland. Rival saints, seeing his success, entered into the field. With one of them Columba came to blows about the possession of a certain church. Another instance of Celtic impetuosity!

Iona began to assume an air of material prosperity. In one of the little bays of the island a large fleet of boats was anchored in which the monks sailed to the mainland and to the neighboring islands. The main buildings of the convent were surrounded by a wall of earth. Outside of this was the stable, the granary, and on the other side of the island the mill.

The pursuits of the monks were reading, writing, and labor. The manuscripts written at Iona were noted for their beauty. Their labor in the field was "plowing," "sowing," "reaping," "storing;" in the house was "milk-ing," "baking," "weaving."

I wish that I could picture to you as St. Adamnan does the life on that little island. The brothers who had been engaged in the labor of the field were at night allowed easier beds. Every tool, every household implement had to be blessed before use; and Adamnan tells a direful story of a bucket of milk's being spilt, because the vessel had not received the proper blessing.

The power of the abbot was autocratic, and the monks looked up to him with awe and reverence. St. Columba determined to allow no women on the isle; and the men coming with their wives to Iona were compelled to leave those encumbrances at "The Women's Isle" which was nearer the mainland.

Many stories are told of Columba's humanity: how he commanded that a crane which was bruised by a storm should be tenderly cared for; how an old horse came to him just before his death, and hid its head in his bosom, seeming to know that his end was near, and he refused to have it driven away. No one was allowed to leave the island without a solemn blessing from him, and he sternly refused to allow evildoers to land.

When the hour came that the "blessed man" was taken from his followers, we feel the real grief that the monks felt at the loss of their leader, and sympathize with their sorrow as they laid him away forever. We can say with them that his was a life well spent.

I shall not tell of the later history of Iona: how it became the seat of a bishopric; how it was repeatedly ravaged by the Northmen; how it finally was left forever by the crowd of worshippers who had held it so long.

Nowadays the traveler is conveyed in a small boat to the shore of the island, while the steamer which has brought him from Oban lies in the offing, and noisily blows off steam. Sometimes the landing is rough, and the traveler wonders unhappily why he has come. But as he is met by the crowd of children, selling the peculiar green pebbles which are found nowhere else; when he has seen the gray old ruins; when he has pictured to himself the quiet, peaceful life which that little community, devoted to Christ and shut off from all evil by the green waves of the northern sea, must have led; when the true historical significance of the island, seen in the dim light of centuries, comes over him—then, as he sails away in the gallant “Grenadier,” he is conscious within himself of a deep feeling of awe.

IRIS AND DIDO.

Adown her rain-bow path of purple, red
And multifarious colors, woven bright
Of threads of Phoebus' well beloved light,
Comes Iris, messenger of Juno dread.
She comes to free fair Dido's spirit, wed
To agony and sorrow and the blight
Of wondrous love unanswered, which the night
Of the dim land below that holds the dead
May soothe and make less grievous. There repose
(Which is another name for death) doth wait
Those who on earth had peace to them denied;
Those who have known their love returned not; those
Who sought to free themselves from bitter fate,
And knew not they fulfilled it when they died!

—*W. P. Hamilton.*

AN ASSASSINATED HAT.

Cummings sat on one of the reporters' tables, his back resting against the wall, pulling complacently on a large German pipe. About him, in a semi-circle, were gathered some half dozen of the staff; each happy with something smokable in his mouth, and talking in a desultory fashion until "Buck," as Cummings was familiarly called, should break into the conversation with his usual afternoon story. Down in the basement the presses were sending out the latest editions of the paper.

Cummings was a middle-aged man, tall and heavy. His round, jolly face, indicative of his disposition, was set with two piercing brown eyes. He had been head reporter on the paper almost from the day of his connection with it, and might have had any position for the asking; for he was sober and industrious and possessed the keen perception, the ready grasp of facts and the power of controlling men which are the necessary qualifications for the manager of a great daily. But to him the open air and excitement were as the bread of life, and he had retained his old position in spite of the tempting offers of his own and other papers.

Every afternoon, after the paper was out, it was his custom to gather the other reporters about him for a social half hour. He had grown up with the city, and was ever ready with some story or anecdote about the early times. On this particular afternoon he sat for a long time smoking silently and gazing thoughtfully out on the street. Suddenly he turned and said abruptly:

"I don't suppose any of you fellows knew Bill Jenkins—Ex-Mayor Bill Jenkins—who died yesterday out in Colorado, did you? No? Well, you ought to have known him, for he was a fine man, a fine man. He helped me along more than any man I ever knew. But I paid him

back when I elected him mayor. When I came to town Bill was one of the big men of the Democratic party in this district, and, of course, was a particular friend of Col. Neilson, who then owned the paper. The town was just beginning to pick up a little, and we had a pretty fair circulation. The paper, as you know, had only four pages then and was issued every week day afternoon. We worked in a little box of an office down on Sixth street, with the presses down in a dark cellar. Col. Neilson was an ex-officer in the Confederate army, a man of kind heart and gentlemanly manners, but headstrong in his convictions and unchangeable in his purposes. His editorials often got him in a peck o' trouble. We managed to hold him in pretty well and to run a fairly conservative paper. The old colonel was a Democrat. He was a Democrat all over, from the soles of his feet to the top of his head. He was one of those partisans who can see no good in a man of another party. Of course we kept such talk as that out of the paper; but we had to support anything that wore the badge of Democracy, whether it was an ex-convict or a county judge.

"The adherents of the two principal parties were pretty evenly divided in our town, and the city campaigns were always fiercely fought. The most remarkable one was when Bill Jenkins ran against Capt. John Gilman for mayor. The Captain was just as hot a Republican as the Colonel was a Democrat, and they were at swords points with each other. At that time the Captain owned and edited the only morning paper in the place, and he filled the editorial page with attacks on our candidate and the Colonel. And every day the Colonel would pay him back in his own coin. I remember one morning the Captain came out with something insinuating about the Colonel's early life, and such rot. We always got down to the office first, but that morning the

Colonel was there before us, a copy of the paper in his hand. I remember how funny his face looked; it was pale, all except the tip of his nose. He called us together and said that, for the reputation of the paper, we were bound to defeat that 'd—n captain' by fair means or foul. I am not sure what the old man intended to do, but it so happened that the Captain relieved us of the necessity of doing anything by trying a little trickery himself. That was the third day before the election, and things were looking desperate for our cause. The Democrats had been in power for a long time and, in the nature of things, it was time for a change. And, besides, the Captain was a very popular man, a good talker and an excellent, what would now be called, 'grand stand player.'"

"There were to be two large meetings that night, at which the candidates were to speak. The Democrats had the Gillis Opera House and the Republicans Mason's Hall. I sent Samuels to the Gillis and I took Mason's. Just at that time the Republicans interested us more than our own party. The hall was crowded, and I noticed that a great number of Democrats were there. The Captain was drawing men from our own side. I felt then that we could not hope to win. At eight o'clock the Captain had not yet put in an appearance. One or two prominent Republicans made short speeches; but the crowd rapidly became restless and impatient. Half past eight and still no Captain. Several tried to speak but their voices were drowned by cries for 'Gilman! Gilman!' The leaders had exhausted every resource for keeping the crowd, and it was nearing nine o'clock. Suddenly there was confusion at the rear, near the door; some one cried, 'Here he comes;' a path opened, and the Captain came striding down the aisle. He carried his hat in his hand. His hair was disheveled, his face white, his clothes spattered with mud. At first sight of him the crowd broke into wild and enthusiastic

applause; but when he mounted the platform and turned to speak, a silence still as death fell upon them. The Captain raised his hand and, in a voice shaking with anger, said:

“‘My friends—I am very sorry that I kept you waiting. I trust that when you learn the cause of my delay—you will pardon me. A month ago, when I accepted the nomination of the Republican party for mayor of this great city,—I believed that the men against us were, in some respects, upright and honorable—and would at least refrain from restricting the life and liberty of those—who differed from them in regard to the questions at issue. Gentlemen, I was mistaken! Realizing the futility—of their contest—they have fallen to the depths of murderers—and assassins. Only to-night—they attempted—to—murder your candidate!’

“The Captain gasped for breath; he had evidently been running. The stillness in the hall was intense. The audience, as one man, leaned forward to catch every word. Raising his felt hat, the Captain pointed to two holes in the crown.

“‘My friends,’ he said, ‘there is the proof. Thank God, it was dark and the assassin’s aim was false! I tried to catch the coward; but after a long chase I gave up, and came over here. Gentlemen, that is the kind of men we have to fight, that is the way they hope to win.’

“The Captain sat down and mopped his brow. For a minute the hall was so still I could hear the great clock under the balcony tick. Then a roar of righteous anger and indignation went up from those loyal Republicans, that shook the building. Men rushed wildly about; crowds surrounded the Captain; and the meeting broke up in confusion. I approached the unfortunate candidate and asked him for more particulars of the crime. He was a little nervous, and hesitated a moment before he answered:

"'I was coming down Tenth street toward Cherry, and you know that big oak tree there; well, I was near that, when a man jumped out from behind it, fired, and then ran down the alley. That's all there was about it.' I carefully noted this down.

"The next morning the tide of public opinion had set in hard for the Captain. It was a great hit. His paper openly accused the Democrats of planning the deed, and, while there was no proof, everyone believed them guilty. The leaders of the party, candidate and all, gathered in the *Star* office. We all knew that no one in authority had authorized such a dastardly deed, and, as the Captain had practically no enemies, we could find no explanation for it. I promised the Colonel that I would do my best to clear up the mystery in time for the afternoon paper.

"I went first to the big oak near Cherry street, where the Captain said the shooting took place. There was a high board fence along there, higher than the Captain's head, and I knew the bullet must have lodged in it. The fence was new and painted white. I looked up and down from the alley to the street, examined every board, and at last found the bullet. It was in the fence, just *a foot and a half above ground*. This gave me my first clue. Then I resolved to go to the Captain's house. I wanted to see that hat. I thought I might bribe the maid to let me look at it. I was young and bashful in those days, and a pretty girl made me lose my head quicker than anything else. So you can imagine my condition when, instead of a maid, the Captain's daughter opened the door. I had met her several times and admired her from a distance, but had never been there to call. She knew that I was on the *Star*, but had no idea that I was working, tooth and nail, against her father. I felt very much like a cad when I accepted her invitation and walked in without

stating my errand. When inside I asked for her father. Of course she said that he was down town. Then I espied the hat lying on a table. I picked it up and spoke of the shooting. She was eager to talk of it; and I sat there and nodded my head to everything she said, meanwhile examining the hat. I noticed that the larger hole was higher up in the crown than the one on the other side, and that the cloth about it was burnt and full of powder. I didn't say very much, but I agreed with her most emphatically when she said that the Democrats had planned it, that the Democrats were brutes, that the world would be better off without any Democrats at all. I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable before those big blue eyes full of tears. There was just one thing more that I wanted to know, and I managed to stammer a question:

"Your father was armed, wasn't he?"

"Oh, yes; he always is at night. I know he was last night, for I saw him clean and load his revolver and put it in his pocket before he went out. He doesn't carry it in daytime, though. I guess it's right here where he usually keeps it."

"She opened a drawer and took out a Smith & Wesson forty-four. She held it timidly between her thumb and forefinger.

"I'm so afraid of them," she said, laughing.

"What a beauty!" I exclaimed. "May I see it?"

"She handed it to me. I examined it casually, and noted—one of the six chambers held an empty cartridge; the barrel was dirty and smelled of powder. My case was made out, but yet I hesitated. My conscience troubled me more than it ever has since; but a newspaper man mustn't have a conscience, so I hurried down to the office. It was late then, and they had held the paper for me. The Colonel met me at the door, but, waving him aside, I sat down and began to dash off copy. As I wrote the

Colonel read, and as he read he became excited. Every one in the office was called in to rush the story through, and when the paper came out it bore on the first page, in the biggest type we had, this sentence :

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR
ASSASSINATES HIS OWN HAT!!

"The proof was almost conclusive. The bullet in the fence could not have been fired through the Captain's hat by a man jumping from behind the tree. The condition of the hat indicated that the pistol was held very close to it, and last of all, the Captain's own pistol and his daughter's statement removed all doubt. The town was taken by storm. At first it was incredulous; then the truth dawned upon it and it began to laugh at the way it had been duped.

"The next day the Captain was hooted wherever he went, and on the day of the election Jenkins received a good majority at the polls. He made a fine mayor, too."

Buck took a pull at his pipe, found that it was out, and struck a match to light it.

"Hold on, old man; you didn't tell us what became of the girl." Buck reached for his hat and coat.

"The funny thing about that was that the old Captain never found out who wrote the story. As for the girl, she afterwards forgave me, changed her mind about Democrats, and decided to marry one. If any of you fellows would like to meet her, drop around some night. Be glad to see you."

—*Ralph P. Swofford.*

THE HUNTSMAN'S SONG.

King of the spirits of will am I,
King of the demons of earth and sky,
Master supreme of the low and the high ;
Prelates and princes shall dread my greed,
Traitors and slaves shall serve my need,—
For I am the King of Fear !

Then Ho ! Ho ! Ho ! for the world,
And the sport that is all mine own.
The sweetest song is my whip lash curled
Round hearts that have never my hunt-cry known ;
And the gladdest song is a brave man's groan—
For I am the King of Fear.

Under these same crystal stars of old,
Dreamers have dreamed, and in dreams grown bold,
E'en as to-day, with the lust of gold
Or honor or glory or power or fame ;
Till I branded their dreams with my seal of shame—
The seal of the King of Fear.

Laugh, ye free lovers ! I am but weak !
Ah ! ye shall know when I vengeance wreak,
And the pallor creeps to the faded cheek ;
When the gray of the morning steals at last,
And I curse your kisses and hold you fast
In the arms of the King of Fear.

Year upon year have I held my sway.
Year upon year till time's sunless day
Will I sport ; and none can say me nay.
Wilder the hunt as the brave men fail,
And the cowards crowd on the stricken trail,—
So, Ho ! for the King of Fear !

Then, Ho ! Ho ! Ho ! for the world,
And the sport that is all mine own.
The sweetest song is my whip lash curled
Round hearts that have never my hunt-cry known ;
And the gladdest song is a brave man's groan—
For I am the King of Fear !

—*Ralph S. Thompson.*

THE RELATION OF POE'S CHARACTER TO HIS WORK.

"Remember that many of the cloths are double- and treble-figured, giving a new pattern in a shift of light. Some are best seen in full sun, others under a lamp, and a few are only good to be used in the dark places where they were made."—*Rudyard Kipling.*

A work of genius is the product of the character no less than of the mind of the author. It is because of this influence of personality upon all "literature of power" that a study of letters necessitates a study of biography—we can not truly understand a book until we understand its author.

Edgar Allan Poe affords a remarkable instance of the relation of a writer's character to his work. Of deliberate choice he makes some of his images lurid with sin and crime; some, livid with dread and terror; and some, sable with despair and madness. But each hue is deepened by Poe's hypochondriac nature—upon each is cast a shadow, subduing both the lurid and the livid, and rendering the sable yet more dark. He is unique in the intensity of this darkness which, "like an inherent, positive quality, pours forth in one unceasing radiation of gloom." Subjects of the same tragic nature were chosen by Stevenson, for example; but his sunny disposition excluded from his works the melancholy which is typical of Poe. Gloom is the salient characteristic of his writings—a peculiarity fomented by many incidents in his unhappy life.

Throughout his days Poe was a solitary man. Proud, yet sensitive; conscious of power, yet lacking self-reliance; wayward, yet susceptible to influence;—above all else, in need of sympathy. But the very characteristics which made sympathy imperative, put it well nigh beyond his reach by making his nature an insoluble enigma to his associates. His god-father, though a worthy man, utterly

lacked the delicate perception necessary to comprehend the subtle fibre of Poe's moral and mental structure; one was worldly, the other ethereal. He was similarly misunderstood by his schoolmates, who failed to realise the complexity of character of one so early and so peculiarly matured. His intellectual and athletic prowess, superficially apparent, were duly esteemed, but no one of his companions suspected the latent fire of his genius.

It was during his fourteenth year that Mrs. J. S. Stannard, the mother of one of his schoolmates, perceived his true nature. He loved her as a mother; to her he confided his boyish sorrows and to her he looked for that sympathetic guidance which he needed. But she died within a year of the commencement of the friendship. In a passion of vain regret the nascent poet wrote:

"Thou wast all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine;
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine."

After her death, he was again alone—an alien among those with whom he must associate. Even in later life Poe failed to find a single true friend outside of his own family. His implacable opposition to all which he did not approve; his hasty, sensitive pride; his lack of congenial attributes; and, it must be confessed, his addiction to certain vices, all combined to debar him from close fellowship with his companions. His last close intimacy on earth was severed by the death of his wife Virginia, for only by her and her mother were his merits appreciated.

Friendless and unappreciated, Poe felt no fellowship with the rest of mankind, but lived in a dreamland, a visionary creation of his fancy. As he dwelt ever in this phantom world, the sense of his isolation from his fellows kept pace with his growth until it took complete possession of his mind. Throughout his life he cherished the

strange phantoms of his visions, and found relief in the community of gloom between them and himself.

"That holy dream, that holy dream,
When all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
A lonely spirit guiding."

Yet this dream-life, like that of the opium-eater, made only more excruciating the agonies of his waking moments. A sense of isolation attended "the bitter lapse into every-day life—the hideous dropping off of the veil."

Strong temptations and emotions are doubly strong to him who stands alone. Friendless, as he was, the weight of grief fell with crushing force upon Poe's heart. The death of Mrs. Stannard was chief among his sorrows. To the sensitive mind of the boy, this first experience of human frailty came as an awful revelation. Tradition has it that for months afterward he nightly frequented her tomb, attempting to penetrate God's mystery of life and death. However that may be, this first sorrow was the inspiration for the "Lenore Legends" of his later years.

From the period of earliest manhood, he was constantly poor. By reason of the unconventional nature of his work, his best productions brought him a pittance barely sufficient for support. His fondly cherished ambition for independent editorship was rendered impossible of attainment by his lack of funds. More melancholy still was the deprivation and want which this institution entailed upon him and his family. This was especially unfortunate at the time of his wife's long illness.

We can not wholly blame him for his bitter exclamation against the "mutability and evanescence of temporal things"; we must rather give our hearts in sympathy to that

"Unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore;
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of 'Never—nevermore,'"

The life that was empty of all human interests was filled with deadly despair. Embittered by misfortune, he came to look on life as a great tragedy, and summed up his whole view of human interests in the lines of "The Conqueror Worm":

"Mimes in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly;
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
Invisible woe.
That motley drama—oh, be sure
It will not be forgot!
With its phantom chased forevermore
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the selfsame spot.
And much of *madness*, and more of *sin*,
And *horror* the soul of the plot."

Poe became an hypochondriac, and the realisation of his condition resulted in augmenting it. In "The Fall of the House of Usher" the narrator says: "The consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis."

Still more dreadfully does he express his despair in the stanzas of "The Haunted Palace"—the despair of the traveler caught in an avalanche, and by his very struggles for safety hastening his doom. Knowing Poe's history, we shudder at the awful despondency with which, in the very prime of life, he uttered his death-cry:

"In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace,
Radiant palace reared its head.

In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there :
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

* * * * *

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate ;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate !)
And round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.
And travellers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forces that move fantastically
To a discordant melody ;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh, but smile no more."

—J. V. A. MacMurray.

EDITORIAL.

**The
Freshmen.**

We wish to extend to all entering men a welcome into the literary life of our University. Many are the opportunities and advantages which are offered here, but none is more valuable than the literary atmosphere which earnest students are permitted to breathe. They may not recognise any difference at first from the life which they have known in the preparatory schools, but as the weeks march by, the spirit of the university will become more and more a part of their nature.

The transformation is so gradual that the man himself is scarcely conscious of it. But it is soon noticed by those with whom he spends his vacations. The literary spirit is the greatest criterion of a university man. It has been defined as the appreciation of literature; as ease in the presence of literary men; as grace in conversation; as love for reading; as ability to distinguish a good from a bad page of writing. Such attempted definitions are largely superficial, and serve merely as proofs of the utter impossibility of concisely defining the thing itself. If a man devotes himself to athletics in college and associates with the men who make up our teams, he uses the language of the track, of the field, and his conversation dwells largely upon the records and accomplishments, past and future, of the various contestants. Then he begins to notice his own development; his chest has deepened, his biceps are harder, he weighs more, his skin has a healthier feeling and he is in "the pink of condition." He makes records

for himself. But the development of a literary man can not be measured, as is a man's weight or muscle, in pounds and inches. The difference is analogous to that between physiology and psychology. We cannot say that his brain is so many grams heavier, or that so many new association tracts have been developed. The change comes rather in the composition of the various motives from among which he selects the motive for action. The thought of an image of literature will not be dismissed with indifference; it will hold a place in his attention, and around it will cluster, from the mysterious treasure-houses of mental experience, friendly associations of a kindred nature. His conversation will be tinged with the literary tone of the books that he has read. And sometimes, though not too often, when he is in vital contact with literature, both men and books—"if the gods are good to him," as Mr. Kipling says—his whole nature will respond to pleasure more insinuating, satisfying and stimulating than he has ever experienced.

To acquire such a spirit requires personal exertion, but it yields more permanent and valuable remuneration than that expended in other spheres. If the literary spirit is once born in a man, it never dies, whatever his environment.

The men who have recently entered our **The Halls.** literary societies have placed themselves under Princeton's most potent literary influences. The remarkable history of these societies, which antedate the Revolution; the famous men who have there laid the foundations of their future eminence in state, national—even international—affairs; the traditions and customs that bejewel their lives; these generate within the student a noble impulse to bring added

honor to his already honored organisation, to maintain the standard that bygone generations have upheld. He comes in contact with many men actuated by the same motives, and his personal ambition is given full play. He is encouraged to develop his literary nature; he finds that his words are valued in proportion to their worth, and that it lies with him alone whether his name shall lead in the literary life. There are, of course, other literary influences in our university, but they are not so much independent agencies as various outlets for the expression of the literary life of the Halls.

"Your representatives were so very
Conversation. much in earnest—they spoke to the
judges, not to the audience. They
won by the force of their logic and not the grace of their
language. How different from a debate at an English
university! Full of wit, humor, jest! A merry inter-
change of banter, tit for tat! Appeals to the heart of the
listener; anecdotes! Graceful periods, fine verbal distinc-
tions! Your debates are too serious." Such, in sub-
stance, were the remarks of a distinguished foreigner upon
a recent intercollegiate debate. Why should there exist
such a noticeable difference between the public speeches
of American and English students? The most obvious
reason is that all our intercollegiate contests are serious.
We place more stress than our English cousins upon
trophies. But after due concession has been made for this
sentiment, our debates are still "heavy reading." The
absence of wit, humor, quick flashes of intellect and liter-
ary grace is attributable, not to the serious aim of the
debate, but to our habits of conversation. There is rarely
any wit in our talk upon serious questions. Not because
we lack wit, but because, as a rule, we students refrain

from talking seriously. Our wit finds expression in "small talk." Have you ever considered the topics upon which the undergraduates converse?

We take it, there are three kinds of conversation—"small talk," as it is called; mere statements of opinion; and lastly "oral stimulation," such as constitutes the value of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and others of that inimitable series. Of small talk nothing need be said. It far surpasses its proper bounds and limitations. As to mere opinions, they usurp the portion unoccupied by "small talk." Opinions with demonstrable, logical foundations ought certainly to be cultivated, but those in question are based solely upon the speaker's personal equation. Our statements are perhaps reasonable enough, but we are not compelled to support them. Usually they are on subjects too trivial to furnish grounds for conversation. We know, or think we know, the merits of the various representatives of the different universities in football, baseball, track athletics, and even in debates. In three years of college conversation we can only recall one night when we drifted into a serious talk on such questions as daily agitate the minds of English students. We cast loose from mere opinions and tried to support our statements with some arguments. But it did not last long; quibbling began, then puns. Holmes, who accomplished so much by his use of conversation, says: "A pun is, *prima facie*, an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. . . . People that make puns are like the boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered criticism!"

If we thought more upon the deeper questions that

involve the interests of humanity, we would talk more frequently about them. If they once gained their proper place in our conversation, the puns that now form so large a part of our aimless talk, would be no longer permissible. Our intellectual energy would find its natural overflow, not in puns, but in biting sarcasm, in pleasing humor, in literary grace and finish—enticements that charm the hearer's mind so that it opens wide its doors to these splendidly attired facts and arguments. Do we realise that "talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important and the most difficult?" We have emphasized, perhaps too strongly, the debating side of conversation. "Conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable." Does your every-day conversation stimulate your hearer? There are a few good, stimulating talkers in college; but some of them should beware lest they deserve the name of "jerky minds, whose thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat on your lap after holding a squirrel."

In Memoriam.

WHEREAS, it has seemed good to Almighty God to take from us by death JAMES MONCUR VINCENT, our classmate, whose true and Christian life in our midst we have ever held in peculiar respect, and whom we have ever loved as a faithful and noble friend; and WHEREAS, in his death our class has sustained a great and irreparable loss, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Class of Ninety-Nine, of Princeton University, make this expression of our sense of personal bereavement, and that we extend to his family our deepest sympathy in their sorrow. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in "THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE," the *Daily Princetonian*, *The Alumni Princetonian*, and the *First Class Memorial*.

For the class of '99,

J. HENRY HARRISON,
GEO. K. REED,
W. M. SCHULTZ,
Chairman.

WHEREAS, it has seemed best to Almighty God to take from among us our classmate, EDWARD FRANKLIN POWEL, for whom, during the short period of our comradeship, we felt deep regard and ever increasing friendship, and

WHEREAS, our class has, in his death, suffered a great and keenly felt loss, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and One, of Princeton University, express to his family our deepest sympathy for their bereavement. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE and the *Daily Princetonian*.

For the Class of 1901,

O. F. GARDNER,
CALVIN FENTRESS,
F. L. JANEWAY,
Chairman.

GOSSIP.

"Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r."

It is rather too bad, this habit, so prone among Gossips, of choosing out an exquisite line or two from some great masterpiece, and irreverently placing it at the head of his nonsensical sheet to suggest the train of its thought. (?) 'Tis positively an insult to the memory of the dead, the Gossip feels in this case, and were communication with the inhabitants of Hades as easy as Mr. Bangs finds it, he would humbly crave pardon of the immortal Milton for having dragged his charming couplet into such a precarious situation. For the Gossip well knows the "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" of the Princeton undergraduate's mind. He is well acquainted with the nature of certain polarised words and thoughts. And he realises full well that when the reader of this page sees the words, "high lonely tow'r," the provoking fellow will exclaim in disgust, "47 Edwards Hall! not unless I can't change it. This is indeed a poler-ised thought." Ah! yes, the Gossip fears very much that if the shade of Milton were to steal about this campus under the "star-proof" elms, and peep through the lighted windows at the "midnight hour," he would hardly find there a spirit of *Il Penseroso*, but, peering through the curling wreaths of smoke, might see, in some cases, a table with little round disks thereon, and about it a band of jolly good fellows. 'Tis "Bacchus and his dissonant revellers," he would probably say in sepulchral tones, and stalk away with a shade of gloom on his brow.

Now, don't begin to think the Gossip is attempting a sermon—far from that. A sermonising pen is too often an edged tool, he has found from experience, and, moreover, a futile one in our college world. Only too often has the *Princetonian* tried it and failed, and the Gossip wishes to regard the past as a wise instructor. He only desires to jot down a few words on a subject that has always been uppermost in his mind, about a tendency which some people think bad and some regard as good. Judge for yourself what the tendency is and to what category it belongs. Once upon a time, last summer, the Gossip had the privilege of an interview, journalistically speaking—or a conversation, to be more civilised—with one of our great American students of the national character; a keen observer of human nature in its relations to the tendencies of our American life in all its phases. The same gentleman

was pleased to give some of his views on American University life, and especially on the life here under the elms of our own beloved Princeton. "You fellows have an ideal sort of existence down there," he said, reflectively. "You play the splendid game of football, and live amongst a set of customs that are to be found nowhere else in the world. You rub up against your fellow men, study each other's characters in the light of personal contact, and, at the end of your four years, it turns you out a man, yes a man—but not a gentleman. That seems pretty stiff, doesn't it? But I'll tell you what my definition of a gentleman is. It is manhood, in the general sense of the word, plus literary culture. Why, only a day or so gone, I was talking with two Princeton men; the one had 'done as other men do,' the other had read, and read widely. The latter was the *gentleman*; but when he had left, the former said, 'He is the greatest kind of a poler, does nothing but read Carlisle, Ruskin, Shelley, and all that rot!' "My friend," I said, "that is why I like him." The Gossip could not say much to this unpalatable little anecdote. Involuntarily another picture flashes across his mental vision, summoned up, perhaps, by the words he had just heard. It was one day last winter, and the Gossip was walking across the campus with a classmate. Passing by the Library they spied another man just issuing from its portals. Under his arm he carried a stout parcel of books—not text books, mind you, but some of the products of the great kindling minds of the world's literature. "Beastly grind," said the Gossip's companion, with a disdainful sniff, "whatever does he expect to make of himself but a dried-up bookworm, I should like to know." They walked on in silence, and a minute later the cynic spoke up again in an important tone of voice, "I've decided to do a good deal of reading this year." The Gossip staggered slightly, feeling rather faint, but let his friend go on. "Yes," continued that individual, with a marvelous air of complacency, "a man might as well read as sit round in his room and smoke"—The Gossip suggested mildly the possibility of doing all three, but the speaker went on without noticing the comment,—"so I have managed to secure some corking good stories. Ever read 'Romance of Two Worlds,' by Marie Corelli; 'Thelma,' 'Wormwood'? I tell you they are great books." Inward convulsions racked the Gossip's frame, but he walked on unconcernedly enough. "Jack," he said a few minutes later, with perfect impassiveness, "do you think you are a loyal Princeton man?" "Good Lord!" ejaculated that individual, "in profound astonishment, 'the man's wandering. What's the trouble; financial distresses of the Lrr. affecting your head? Why, of course I am a loyal Princeton man, you d——d fool." "Of course you are," said the Gossip, smiling. After all it was pleasant to hear that solid tone of conviction. "But, Jack," he persisted, "'s'posin' a case," as David Harum says, suppose you were out some place among—ah—ah—intelligent people"—the Gossip paused a moment to see if Jack was offended—"suppose you were in a literary circle, and some question

should come up about Byron, or Tennyson, or some other of those old fogies, and your opinion should be appealed to as a *learned* Princeton man. Don't you think you would feel like doing what a man generally does when a grizzly bear is after him? Why, Jack, do you know I half believe that fellow who came down the library steps a few minutes ago with the books under his arm is a more loyal Princeton man than yourself."

Perhaps the picture which the Gossip has attempted to sketch is a trifle overdrawn. He could certainly wish that to be the case, but much as he would like them to do so his convictions do not contradict him. Nor can he, try as he may, pick out any very serious flaws in his logic. He might even put his thoughts syllogistically, and blurt out the bare facts as they are. They would be something like this: *Reading is necessary to culture. Few Princeton men read—widely. Therefore few Princeton men are cultured.* Ah, well, a triple for Bacchus anyway, you will say, and

Hence, loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,

* * * *

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity.

We are just at our academic New Years. What a splendid time for resolutions, the Gossip thinks. Our fine old University is sadly in need of an internal literary stimulus to produce an external literary effect. No one but the dullest of the dull can help recognising that Princeton as a forceful and productive power in the field of letters would be the secret of her wider successes. And the remedy must begin at home.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,

* * * *

But come thou Goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy.

BOOK TALK.

"I read books bad and good—some bad and good
At once."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Churchill is quite *The Celebrity* himself now. At last "the beast whom we feed," as Stevenson in an excess of scorn once called the public, seems to have chosen strong, healthy meat for its nourishment. "*Richard Carvel*" marks the return to the romance of the broader scope and freer hand, to the style of those old three-deckers, which are still carrying "tired people to the islands of the blest." It was the peculiar gift of the elder Dumas to be able to make each of his swiftly-succeeding incidents so vivid that they remain in our memory. But his conscious and unconscious imitators of the Stanley-Weyman-Conan-Doyle-Anthony-Hope-Quiller-Couch school, present hair-breadth escapes and blood-curdling adventures in a veritable jumble of kaleidoscopic views. Mr. Churchill gives us more breathing space and greater elbow-room, and though the hero of his novel may fight two duels, be kidnapped on a slaver, ride the devil masquerading as a horse, and be carved almost to pieces in the great sea-battle of the Revolution, yet these occurrences are scattered along the course of half a thousand pages. There is a romance which really depends for its interest not on incident, but on character. It belongs, not to the type of "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*," but to that of "*Henry Esmond*." Indeed, but for Lowell's warning in "*A Fable for Critics*," we might dub Mr. Churchill "*The American Thackeray*." The imitation of the master-satirist is as frank and patent as it fails of being slavish. Aunt Caroline might have stepped out of "*Vanity Fair*," and the clerical coat of Mr. Allen would have been a perfect fit for Mr. Simpson. If he does not touch life at so many points, time should give to the rising American some of the riper experience and deeper insight which were his English prototype's. In one respect he has already proved even a superiority. It is true of Thackeray's historical novels at least, and I believe it will hold for the others as well, that his women, like French plays, are either strong and bad, or virtuous and weak. As a study in character, *Beatrix* is not a wit more entertaining than *Dolly*. She is not a whit prettier, not a whit wittier, not a whit more

delightfully arch ; and she does not possess the saving and endearing grace of honesty. I could never pardon Henry Esmond for marrying Lady Castlewood who was old enough to be his mother, but Polly made Richard and myself alike to waver in our allegiance to her more brilliant neighbor.

A few years ago a firm wallowing in its depravity published a book which caught the ladies' fancy, and assumed for the nonce the place formerly occupied by the autograph-album. This infernal machine was called "A Mental Photograph Album," and it fired at one a series of questions calling for an opinion on nearly everything in the universe. Number five in its catechism was "In what age would you prefer to have lived?" Unfortunately, we have very small say in the matter of the date and spot of our nativity. Not so with the heroes of romance. "Richard Carvel" can decide to be born in the most interesting times and to meet the most interesting people. It was to be expected that the form of the immortal George should cast its shadow over the pages of his memoirs, for what tale of the American Revolution is complete without it? While the Washington in "Richard Carvel" does not occupy the centre of the stage so often or so finely as he does in "Hugh Wynne," or "Janice Meredith," yet he moves the noble gentleman of tradition, and is neither the missile-thrower of the Tod Sloan order which Archdeacon Brady paints him, nor the man of straw who is pushed through "The Virginians." But Washington's is not the only great name to sparkle in these chapters. John Paul Jones appears here in a sky-blue frock, a ridiculous and a loving figure. Harry Walpole has the chance to tell a new story. Mr. Charles Fox games with Fitzgerald, and jokes with Chartersea, and orates against Burke. We have a glimpse of David Garrick all in a tremble of fear lest "Junius" has got him in his toils, and of Lord Baltimore drinking and swearing in his orange-colored night-gown. Lord and Lady Carlisle make their bow to us, and so does Topham Beauclerk for whose sake the Panjandrum was ready to travel half the earth's diameter. Goldsmith is "but just gone hence" on one occasion, and "Richard Carvel's" grandfather has a pretty anecdote about Dean Swift. So you see, Mr. Future Reader, that you are going to make the acquaintance of all the great men to whom Harry Warrington failed to introduce you. For all his great names, Mr. Churchill does not forget that *noblesse oblige*, which being translated with a twist means, that the presence of famous men in his story imposes the obligation upon the author to make them act and talk in a way befitting their historical character ; that clever men must be clever, and brilliant women brilliant. No malaria of old records has dulled his brain in the search for local color. But readers of "The Celebrity" will experience a decided shock, when they see how the broad wit of that work has mellowed into a mild, delicious humour.

So much has been written about "Richard Carvel" in the past two months that it is hardly possible to say anything original on the subject,

There is one point, however, which I have found no critic to notice, though I have searched the records diligently. This is Mr. Churchill's ability in brief descriptions. He succeeds admirably in those telegraphic word-portraits of which Prof. Perry vainly endeavored to teach us the art. For example, here is all he has to say of his heroine's appearance: "Dolly's nose was of patrician straightness, and the curves of her mouth came from generations of proud ancestors. And she had blue eyes to conquer and subdue, with long lashes to hide them under when she chose, and black hair with blue gloss upon it in the shining lights." Less than fifty words, and yet they give as clear a conception of Dorothy as all Balzac's minute observation could give of Eugénie Grandet. The portrait of Richard's "Orbilius Plagosus" shows equal condensation: "For some men are born to the mill, and others to the mitre, and still others to the sceptre; but Mr. Daaken was born to the birch. His long, lanky legs were made for striding after culprits, and his arms for caning them." The Talker is ashamed to multiply examples, but he cannot forbear to add one more. This time it is John Paul who stands before us. "His skin was the rich color of a well-seasoned ship's bell, and he was of the middle-height, owned a slight, graceful figure, tapering down to the waist like a top, which had set off a silk coat to perfection and soured the beans with envy. Truly, this was a person to make one look twice and think oftener." Such suggestive power in laconic descriptions is one of the several charms of style which modern novelists owe to the development of the short story, and Mr. Churchill proves himself in this regard to be "up with the best of them."

The Talker derived such enjoyment from "Richard Carvel" that his conscience would prick him for ingratitude should he attempt to point out any serious faults. He will content himself, therefore, with gently suggesting that the strength of the narrative weakens from the time of Lady Tankerville's drum-major until the riding of Pollux, and again after Richard's return to Maryland, for all the world, as "Life" has said, as if to give Capt. Paul a chance to do his greatest "stunt." Moreover, we hope Mr. Carvel is supposed by his creator to have *written* the story of his life, rather than to have given it by direct word of mouth; this for sweet modesty's sake. For be it known that the old gentleman loses no opportunity to explain to his grandchildren what a devilish fine fellow he had been; and he must surely have perished from a rush of blood headward if, even by way of quotation, he had to say with the becoming blush: "You who know Richard may form some notion of the pleasure I had out of his companionship," and "Mr. Bordley has just been here, and tells me that you, Richard, are the ablest young man in the province." Finally, does it not seem a trifle remarkable, in view of Dolly's correspondence with Betty Tayloe and the eager reading of the English papers at Annapolis that no news should ever have come thither of Richard's miraculous escape and of all his gay doings in London-town?

When this is said and he can breathe more easily after his little

scolding, the Talker wishes to confess that he has not had so much fun from a book since he read of Mistress Lorna and John Ridd.

The Man With the Hoe, and Other Poems. By Edwin Markham. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

Edwin Markham knows what it means to wake up and find himself famous. For several years his poems have been appearing in the magazines, but until "The Man With the Hoe" was published, scarcely any one knew or cared who Edwin Markham was. The old conception of fame as a ladder, up which the eager aspirant must laboriously climb, would seem to be, in this case, hardly the correct one; for Mr. Markham, after passing over several rungs, all at or near the level of mediocrity, at one step attained the top, to the great surprise of the critics and the satisfaction of his friends. To come so quickly into prominence not only proves the intrinsic worth of the special work which made him famous, but also suggests the existence of elements of strength in his previous work, even though heretofore unnoticed. Reading the other poems after "The Man With the Hoe," and under the influence of its present triumph, we find this to be partially the case. Of the majority, perhaps, it does not hold, yet very many of them, judged merely on their own merits, contain the elements of permanence.

The book is socialistic in tendency and sympathy from cover to cover. The continual recurrence of the word, "brotherhood," would be sufficient to convince us of that; but we have an abundance of other proof. Probably the poem entitled, "Little Brothers of the Ground," is as good an example as any. It is dedicated to the "Little ants in leafy wood," and is in part as follows:

"Ye are fraters in your hall,
Gay and chainless, great and small;
All are toilers in the field,
All are sharers in the yield.
But we mortals plot and plan
How to grind the fellow-man;
Glad to find him in a pit
If we get some gain of it.
So with us, the sons of Time,
Labor is a sort of crime,
For the toilers have the least,
While the idlers lord the feast."

In speaking to a friend not long ago, Mr. Markham explained his position thus: "It always seemed to me that the strong and the wise should not use their God-given powers to exploit or oppress their weaker brethren. This is to me what religion means. This is the principle of a true and practical fraternity, and fraternity is to me the holiest of all words, being at once the essence of all gospels and the fulfillment of all revelations. All religion and all culture should be an effort to bring men into an ever enlarging realisation of the principle of frater-

nity." This statement of the case, like many other socialistic doctrines, contains a certain element of truth, though sadly obscured by a cloud of rant and moonshine. But though sharing in many of the failings of his class, Mr. Markham rises superior to most of them in his unselfish and purely philanthropic purpose and in his breadth of view. He is no pygmy in the realm of thought, but one who grasps great problems with fearless earnestness.

Moreover, he has taken the best means of enforcing his views. Men eye the socialist askance, and discount what he has to say. Mr. Markham has, therefore, given over the obvious methods of attack upon society for more subtle means. He has painted the squalor of the lower classes and the luxury of the rich, side by side. Occasional searching questions or pointed statements of unpleasant truths, start trains of thought from which it is impossible to escape. Doubts are implied from the context which are far more impressive than had they been openly expressed. The very arrangement of the poems heightens the effect. By setting the poverty and degradation of man over against the beauty and perfection of nature, a shadow is cast upon our cherished economic system. Yet he is no anarchist or revolutionary, as the poem to Louise Michel plainly shows. He is too optimistic and too sensible to be led astray by such extremists. In spite of the dark picture which he paints he seems to see a light suffusing the canvas as he works, a light which he has caught and held. We see the traces of it and wonder whence it comes, until we read "The Desire of Nations." Rembrandt was celebrated for the way in which he could make a face stand out in bold relief against a background of the deepest shadow by strongly illuminating the face itself. In much the same way (for after all, the fine arts are, in many respects, similar) Mr. Markham has intensified his portrayal of the hope of the world against the shadows of its present misery. "The Desire of Nations" contains many of the marks of strength and power which characterise "The Man With the Hoe." In it Mr. Markham sums up, with infinite tenderness and love and hope, the wonders of that long-delayed but inevitable millennial reign of Christ upon the earth.

"And when He comes into the world gone wrong,
He will rebuild her beauty with a song.

* * * * *
And social architects who build the State,
Serving the Dream at citadel and gate,
Will hail Him coming through the labor-hum,
And glad, quick cries will go from man to man:
'Lo, He has come, our Christ, the Artisan—
The King who loved the lilies—He has come!'"

The form and metre is generally perfect, though the short lines of certain of the poems gives them a sing-song cadence. The choice of words is also good—in many cases excellent. It is this quality which has made famous such lines as :

"The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world."

Many words and phrases are so common as to become tiresome. For example, men are always represented as "grinding" in the cities; the perfect beauty of nature as exhibited in the free, untrammelled country, travels under the pseudonym of "poppy-fields." After the same analogy, all that is happy or ideal is pictured as a dream. Numerous other stereotyped words are found, such as "brotherhood," "fraternity" and "sleep," each with its own significance.

One thing remains to be said. Certain critics have viewed "The Man with the Hoe" as an attempt to delineate the typical agriculturist. Any attempt thus to explain the poet's meaning is, on the face of it, narrow-minded and absurd. To one who pretends to be more than a superficial caviler, Mr. Markham's is the only possible interpretation of Millet's conception, and is too universal in its nature to admit of restriction to any one class. We must give him credit, not for mere versification but for deep thought, and real poetry as well. Moreover, from what we know of the man, and his confidence in his divine mission, we cannot believe that we have seen the last of his work. It is our earnest hope that succeeding efforts will maintain the high standard already set by "The Man With the Hoe."

The Powers at Play. By Bliss Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

It is seldom the fortune of readers, in the swamping tide of the problem novel and the cut-throat romance, to come across a book of such pleasantness as this. The average reader is growing a trifle tired of having his blood curdled and his emotions wrought to a high pitch of excitement. On the other hand, he is not, we take it, a stern and inflexible realist, and he would prefer to have his story "come out right at the end." His theory of literary art—usually an unconscious theory—thirsts for a realism charged through and through with idealism. The plots of Prof. Perry's little tales are seldom extraordinary, and his characters are not in the habit of doing extraordinary things. Yet half of ordinary existence, the dark, disagreeable and distressing half, is carefully eliminated. Jepson applied three adjectives to life as he found it: *droll*, *pitiful* and *divine*. The life Prof. Perry portrays has much of the droll, far less of the pitiful, and of the divine, only the divinity of human nature. But if, like Jepson and Sentimental Tommy, we had to characterise it with rigorous exactness, perhaps *amusing* would be the word.

This is largely so, of course, because of the degree of skill with which it is narrated. We feel instinctively and from the very start that we are in the keeping of a safe guide. Unlike some of our younger *raconteurs*, he does not have to rely upon trickery of style or an effort at poster-effect

in literature. The sign of the charlatan is not upon him. Nor are the marks of the jaded workman to be seen. No odor of midnight oil lingers round the pages; we suspect that none was burned. Here is the high art which conceals art, and makes us doubt whether it is more art or nature. Here is the grace and ease of phrase, the smoothness of diction which would betray us into imagining that it was no harder for the writer to write than for the reader to read. "Mere style," says Frederick Wedmore, "will not carry a short story on its back," and manner must never interrupt the illusion of matter. Even the style of Walter Pater would be a white elephant without commensurate story-telling power.

For the most part, as the Talker has already said, Prof. Perry does not seek marked originality in his plots. Of the eight stories five have their source in the folk-lore of New England, in certain legends of the rural village which must have been part and parcel of his boyhood, so perfect is his sympathy with their lesson, so complete is his comprehension of their humour. Others have made them familiar to us in a general way; Prof. Perry makes them his own by characterisation. We all have heard of the boy who ran away from home and returned three years later to finish the chore he had left half done. What adds vitality to the retold incident is the remark of his mother as he brings in the tin pails. "She was moppin' up the kitchen floor, and she looked up, kind o' white, and says, 'I knew you'd come back, Abijah. Don't slop that water on this clean floor.'" In like manner the story of the stay-at-home who keeps the lights ablaze for the prodigal's welcome has appeared before; but it is unusual to make the patient watcher the "unknown husband of a famous wife," and the closing paragraphs lend distinct individuality.

Undoubtedly "The Incident of the British Ambassador" will be of the greatest delight to those who live around Nassau Hall, for Ossian can be readily made to spell Princeton. It is of the same type as Mr. Williams' "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain," and seems to have caught our "horse" spirit quite as well. The men act like Princeton men, and talk like them, save only that we speak of a long "cheer" and never of long "yell." (That may sound captious, but about nothing is a collegian so particular as his slang.) "The White Blackbird" is even better for in it Prof. Perry deals with more intense emotions, shows how deftly he can handle pathos, and finds a *moment saisi* of great dramatic force. Here is a whole tragedy compressed within a few pages, and, perhaps for the reader's sake, saved from bitterness by a conquering love. In all the stories, however, by whose publication in book form the effect of unity in variety is now obtained, Prof. Perry has made a great advance upon "Salem Kitridge." But why the title "The Powers at Play"?

Danton: A Study. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.50.

Toward the close of this remarkable monograph, the author makes use of the following analogy: "The story of that Revolutionary time is now like a photographic negative, which a man fixes, washing away the white cloud from the clean detail of the film. Point after point, then more rapidly whole spaces, stand out precise and true. And the certitude which he feels that the underlying picture is an accurate reminiscence of Nature comes to us also when we make out and fix some passage in the Revolution, cleared of its mass of hearsay, of vituperation, ignorance, and of mere sound." Until The Talker read this passage the simile in his mind had been that suggested by Dr. McCosh in speaking of Carlyle and Cromwell: A man working with inspired zeal through a dung heap of Envy and Falsehood till at last his hands uncovered and disclosed the face and figure of a living man. When the great pessimist so well succeeded in the case of the Protector, he failed signally when he attacked the characters of the Revolutionary leaders. As Mr. Belloc with characteristic boldness dares to declare, he never grasped the Revolutionary idea at all. His conception of Danton alone—and this, perhaps, because Danton alone saw the Revolutionary thing more than the Revolutionary idea—approaches justice and finality. Many of us whose notion of the French Revolution comes mainly from Carlyle's eloquent epic still hold in recollection the chapter entitled, "Danton, No Weakness," and the additional research of Bougeart, Aulard, and Robinet left unchanged its verdict of the Mirabeau of the Sansculottes, "a very man, fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself." But the picture was not finished. It was reserved for Mr. Belloc to advance, well armed with facts, and deny the two chief sins with which Carlyle reproached Danton, venality and active responsibility for the massacres of September, '92. Now, on the negative stands forth his Titanic form, no longer amorphous. From the dung-heap emerges a man inexorable as Fate, moving through the ranks of fellow men like death and Time, and yet withal a man of heroic energy and of heroic self-sacrifice.

Mr. Belloc is no blind historian. He has a method, and that the scientific one of Fustel de Coulanges. In theory this is akin to the inducto-deductive mode of research which has added so much to our stock of knowledge in Economics and Jurisprudence. Let the author describe it for himself: "It is to ascertain what is positively known and can be proved, and with the facts so gathered—only with these—to paint a picture as vivid as may be; on a series of truths—with research it grows to respectable proportions—to base a conviction, general, wide, and capable of constant application, as to the character of a period or of a man." For him the data had been all collected, or almost all; it was his part to read back from facts to motives, and so from the external acts to construct the inner man. And his ability in this regard, I would name as the first characteristic of his work. Examples of it are to be found in

the explanations given to Danton's conduct after the tenth of August, at the trial of the King (when Danton for once was weak) and during the Girondin's decline and fall. So carefully does Mr. Belloc "trace the movement of his mind" that "the confessed legend of his personality" is transformed into a vivid and a vital truth. The clear impression which we gain of him convinces us that the September massacres cannot be laid upon his broad French shoulders, and enables us to realize the tragic heroism, which cried through his misshapen lips, "*Que mon nom soit flétri et que la France soit libre.*" Possibly the biographer does not always persuade us that his judgments are unshakably right, but generally he advances along lines of irresistible logic from premises established beyond the cavil of a doubt to conclusions which reason demands that we allow,

The second mark which distinguishes Mr. Belloc's book is its analysis of the causes and the trend of the Revolution—in spite of its rapid changes and apparent confusion, an historic growth and evolution. Somewhere in his "English Literature" I think Taine says, "Read Carlyle's 'French Revolution' forward or backward—it makes little difference." In his *mêlée* of intricate phrases, his continual piling of Ossa on Pelion, Carlyle showed us the chaos of the Terror as no other can or could. Mr. Belloc, however, has discovered order in chaos, and the working of definite will where caprice has seemed so evident.

Finally, Mr. Belloc has boldness—*de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace*. Since the days of Burke there has existed in the conservative British mind a prejudice toward the Revolution, which has manifested itself in whole libraries of books. This Englishman who tells the truth about it must be brave. I have not found so great sympathy with the Gallic view point, no, not in all the Island. The author, moreover, manifests his daring in his appraisals of men of letters, noteworthy for their peculiarity, if for nothing else. He names Victor Hugo, "the greatest French novelist and a principal poet," which needs but an interchange of adjectives to be correct. Burke "raved like a madman." Mme. Roland "had the great historical gift of intuition, i. e. she could minutely describe events which never took place." Necker was "the father of an authoress whom neither Napoleon nor posterity could tolerate."

Before closing this review, The Talker wishes to call attention to two mistakes in the appendices. They are both trivial; both may be due to proof-reader's negligence; and yet the uniform accuracy and elegance of the text demands their correction. One occurs on page 328, where mention is made of "an intricate block of houses *not unlike the similar* intricate masses which you find in the city of London." And the other is on page 335, where de Molleville's estimate of Danton's supposed bribe is made out to be 500,000 francs, although three pages before it was distinctly declared only a tenth of that sum. The resultant doubt in the reader's mind weakens the force of Mr. Belloc's plea.

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